For too much louing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iag. I see this hath a little dasht your spirits.

Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.

Iag. I faith I feare it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke,
Comes from my loue: But I doe see you are moou'd,
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech,
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to suspition.

Oth. I will not.

Iag. Should you doe so my Lord,
My speech should fall into such vile successe,
As my thoughts aime not at: *Cassio's* my trusty friend:
My Lord, I see you are moou'd.

Oth. No, not much moou'd,
I doe not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iag. Long liue she so, and long liue you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it selfe.

Iag. I, there's the point: as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her owne Clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things, nature tends;
Fie we may smell in such a will, most ranke
Foule disproportion: thoughts vnnaturall.
But pardon me: I doe not in position,
Distinctly speake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her countrey formes,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, if more
Thou doest perceiue, let me know more, set on
Thy wife to obserue: leaue me *Iago.*

Iag. My Lord I take my leaue.

Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtlesse
Sees and knowes more, much more then he vnfoulds.
My Lord, I would I might intreate your honour,

To

Iag. To scan this thing no furt
Tho it be fit, that *Cassio* haue his
For sure he fills it vp with great ab
Yet if you please to hold him off a
You shall by that perceiue him a
Note if your Lady straine her ent
With any strong or vehement imp
Much will be seene in that, in the
Let me be thought too busie in
As worthy cause I haue, to feare
And hold her free, I doe beseech y

Oth. Feare not my gouernem

Iag. I once more take my leau

Oth. This fellowe's of exceedi
And knowes all qualities, with a
Of humaine dealing: if I doe proc
Tho that her Iesses were my dear
I'de whistle her off, and let her do
To prey at fortune. Happily, for
And haue not those soft parts of
That Chamberers haue, or for I a
Into the valt of yeares; yet that's
Shee's gone, I am abus'd, and my
Must be to lothe her: O curse of
That we can call these delicate cr
And not their appetites: I had ra
And liue vpon the vapor in a dung
Then keepe a corner in a thing I
For others vses: yet tis the plagu
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then th
Tis destiny, vnshunnable, like dea
Euen then this forked plague is fa
When we doe quicken: *Desdemo*
If she be false, O then heauen moc
I'le not beleeue it.

Enter Desdemona

Desd. How now my deare *Oth*